The Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired.
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous, sweet and fair.
—Edmund Waller (1605-1687.)

THE REFORMATION OF DICK CARSTAIRS

BY SYLVESTER MORGAN

"What's the matter with Frances?" I asked, looking across the room to where my little friend sat, pale and dejected, holding languid converse with one of her mother's guests.

"Frances is a headstrong, undutiful child," replied Mrs. Lacy, with sudden energy. "She looks the picture of misery, doesn't she? It's all because I won't sanction her marriage with Dick Carstairs."

"They are very fond of each other, I know, but of course, Dick is—well, rather fast. Yet the influence of a good, sweet girl might reform him."

"Well, I'm not going to sacrifice my only daughter on the offchance of being able to reform Dick Carstairs," remarked Mrs. Lacy, with just indignation. "Frances has no father or brother to defend her, and as I am responsible for her I don't intend her to marry a fast man. Surely, Lady Mary, you don't think a girl ought to marry with the object of reforming her husband?"

"My reason is entirely with you, dear Mrs. Lacy," I hastened to assure her, "but I am very much afraid—you know how fond I am of girls and lovers—that my sympathies are with the young couple."

I think Frances had a good idea which way my sympathies were likely to run, for next day she came to lunch and very soon started the subject of her woes. Dick adored her, she informed me, and he had said that when once she was his wife he would break off with all his wild companions, never touch cards and never go near a race course.

"Mother is so hard," she complained, with tears in her eyes. "She won't believe in Dick. She doesn't believe he would reform if he were married. She says a girl ought to marry a man who doesn't need reforming. Dearest Lady Mary, I know you feel for me. Isn't it the holiest mission a girl can undertake?"

"To reform Dick Carstairs? Well, I don't quite know, but talk of angels and you hear the rustling of their wings. What sends you here, Mr. Carstairs? From your guilty look at each other, young people, I am of the opinion that there has been collusion here. Now this won't do. I can't allow you to meet at my house in defiance of Mrs. Lacy's wishes. Frances, I'm ashamed of you."

Dick Carstairs was by no means without good qualities, but he had been his own master from a very early age, and his easy good nature had brought him under the influence of some very fast men, whose bad example had led Dick into a most undesirable way of life.

He was devotedly in love with Frances, and protested that she would be his salvation. He pointed out that she was of age, and therefore need not pay any attention to her mother's prohibition, but I was glad to hear little Frances declare that she would never marry without her mother's consent.

"And she will never get it," added Dick gloomily.

"I do not know that," I put in. "After all, Dick, you must admit that

Dick.

there are reasons why an affectionate mother should hesitate about intrusting her one pretty little daughter to your care."

"But with Frances as my wife I would become as steady a fellow as could be wished for."

"Why not become steady before marriage? I could never advise a girl to marry in the hope of reforming her husband, but if you will pledge yourself to try to throw off every bad habit and every undesirable associate, I will exert all my influence with Mrs. Lacy to get her consent to your engagement."

Frances looked radiant and Dick brightened up. He was ready to promise anything if only the hope of gaining his little sweetheart were not taken from him.

I had a hard task to win over Mrs. Lacy.

"All very well," she said, "and I dare say Mr. Carstairs has all the good qualities you say he has, but I know what kind of a life he leads, and never will I allow my darling little girl to marry a man in hopes of reforming him."

"I quite agree with you; but suppose he reforms before marriage. For-

Frances.

give my persistency, but I am truly interested in Frances and I know to part her from Dick will break her heart."

"And to be the wife of a gambler, and an idle, aimless, wild fellow would break her heart also. He will promise anything now, but when he has attained his end he will be just as wild and reckless as ever."

"But if you were to put him on a year's probation," I urged, "you would see how far he may be trusted. If you refuse all hope, he will go utterly to the dogs, and poor little Frances will break her heart. Let them become engaged, on the understanding that if Dick reforms, breaks off all his bad habits and becomes steady, the marriage shall take place just as soon as you are convinced you can safely sanction it."

Mrs. Lacy sat for some moments deep in thought.

"My one idea is to do what is best for my child," she began at last, "and candidly, I do not think Dick Carstairs will make her a good husband. Yet, on the other hand, a longer acquaintance with him may open her eyes as to his true character, also he may tire of being always on his good behavior, and may withdraw from the affair.

"On the whole, I think I can't do better than to yield to your suggestion. We will see how things are in a year."

The immediate results of Mrs. Lacy's consent to the engagement were most encouraging. Frances beamed with joy and her sweet little face grew rosy and plump again. Dick grew steady, and became as manly and straightforward a young fellow as the most rigid of mothers-in-law could desire.

At the end of a year Mrs. Lacy was obliged to own that the reformation of Dick Carstairs was complete, and that she no longer feared to intrust her treasure—her treasured daughter—to him.

The other day, five years after the marriage of Frances and Dick, Mrs. Lacy said to me:

"I owe my happiness and that of my dear children to you. Had I not taken your advice my daughter would have been a soured, disappointed old maid, and Dick would have gone entirely to the bad. Instead of being as they are now, the happiest couple and the best children that ever lived.

"It is safer to get a man to reform before marriage than to marry him first and try to reform him afterward."—Chicago American.

Point of View.

Harkins—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you, eh?

Larkins—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.

VERDI AND THE EDITOR.

Latter Set Out to Procure Bargain and Was Shorn.

Verdi achieved his first musical success with "Nabucodonosor," and after its performance in the theater at Milan he went home to the poorly furnished room in which his young wife had died some months previously from sheer lack of the necessaries of life. Throwing himself on the bed he slept until 5 o'clock in the morning, when he was aroused by some one knocking at the door.

"Come in," he said, and Merelli, the famous Milanese editor entered. He felt confident that "Nabucodonosor" would not be an enduring success and he thought that he could purchase it from the composer at a low figure.

"How much do you want for the opera?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand francs," replied Verdi.

Merelli was dumbfounded, for he had supposed that the composer would have been quite willing to sell the work for four or five thousand francs.

"What is that you said?" he asked.

"I have said," replied Verdi coldly, "that I will sell you the opera for thirty thousand francs because you have taken the trouble to call on me before 5 o'clock in the morning. The price this evening will be fifty thousand francs."

The editor paid the sum required, but was so much chagrined at not getting a bargain that he took to his bed and remained there two months.

BOY GAVE THEM IDEA.

How Railroad Men Got Their Engine Off "Dead Center."

A traveling man relates that while riding on the new Orient line between Harper and Anthony a few days ago, one of the side rods of the engine broke, and the other side stopped on a "dead center," so that when the repair was made it was impossible to start the train again. He says:

"The engineer, the conductor, and all the passengers took turns going over the thing and trying to devise a way to make it run. Finally a boy came out of the field where he had been plowing to see what was going on. He crawled through the wire fence and sat down on the bank and fanned himself with his straw hat.

"'If you'd back that last car up the grade an' let 'er come down kerchunk, that 'ud start her,' he finally suggested, deliberately.

"The railroad men sniffed contemptuously, but the passengers sided with the boy. Finally the conductor gave orders that the rear car be uncoupled. No less than fifty passengers caught hold and pushed the car up the grade. Once at the top the car was let go. The loose coach gained momentum as it came down the hill, and in spite of the engineer's admonition to 'let her come down easy,' the emergency battering ram crashed into the train with a tremendous thump. The engine was bumped off 'center' all right."—Kansas City Star.

The Toilers.

Our legs and our arms are the toilers
That bring us our ease;
They serve as we wish to direct them,
And not as they please.
We proudly put burdens upon them,
Not asking their leave;
Without them how could there be glory
For us to achieve?

They are the toilers that bring us
Contentment and pride;
The thrills which come after long hoping
The workers provide;
The pleasures we taste and the pleasures
Of body and brain
They patiently labor to give us—
And what is their gain?

Shall we foolishly add to their burdens,
With never a thought
Of their weariness or of their aching,
Ignoring their lot?
How stupid were such unfair treatment,
And where is there one
That would thus wrong the toilers whose service
Is faithfully done?

They that arise in the mornings
To weave and to hew,
To plow and to sow and to hammer
The long seasons through,
Are the legs and the arms that earn pleasure
For those that have pride;
The thrills and the wealth and the splendor
The toilers provide.

—S. E. Kiser.

Fixing the Blame.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia relates how a prominent business man of that city who owns a very dilapidated frame building in the Heberew quarter was recently summoned by telephone by the tenant, a small clothing merchant, who stated that the place was on fire.

The business man was very indignant when, on arriving at the scene of the fire, he found the damage was insignificant, the firemen having speedily extinguished the flames. Annoyed that he should have been called away from some important business, he remarked rather sharply to his tenant:

"It's a pity the whole thing didn't burn!"

"My dear sir," replied the tenant, with a deprecating gesture of his shoulders, "you can't blame me; I didn't send in the alarm!"

Money in Shetland Ponies.

"It is a wonder to me," said Mr. T. W. Moulton, of New Orleans, at the Shoreham, "that the opportunity of making money by breeding Shetland ponies is so greatly overlooked. Here is a business that is light, pleasant and profitable. Good specimens of these ponies are always in demand by people of means, who buy them for the pleasure of their children. It is a common thing for a Shetland to sell for $100, and they often bring more. They are easy to raise, and, being small eaters, their keep is not expensive. I have a friend down south that makes a comfortable living out of a little herd of these ponies, and it is by no means his principal occupation."—Washington Post.

Scotch Whisky a Fraud

It is our present purpose to dispute and confute the declaration that the Scotch high ball is the national drink. It is true that there is a drink, beloved of many, called the Scotch high ball, but it is only a popular delusion that the tall glass contains in its depths, in the midst of ingredients of a chunk of ice of geometrical squareness, a piece of lemon peel carved with precision into an elliptical form, and the general covering of effervescent water—anything that approximates what the epicures consider Scotch whisky with its smoky aroma, its boggy aftertaste, its bitingly smooth suggestion of thistles and heather.

In proof of the assertion we desire to quote no less an authority than Dr. H. B. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. Dr. Wiley may not know whisky, but he knows chemistry, and the principles of that exact science he has applied rigorously with a view to ascertaining the purity of the foods—which include the drinks—that are imported into this country. Presently he will enlarge the field of his operations, but now it is enough to know that in his investigations into the quality of the eatables and drinkables sent us from the old world he has discovered, and says boldly, that there is not a barrel of Scotch whisky in the United States; that the importations of this article are all concoctions and should be labeled "compound."

This may be news to the public, thirsty and unthirsty, but it is borne out by the story of the London house that was accustomed to send to favored correspondents in this country three bottles of Scotch whisky every Christmas as a reminder of the pleasant feeling entertained by the home concern of the efforts of its American agents. Back in 1887 Christmas brought, instead of the three prized bottles of Scotch, an apologetic communication stating that the custom of long standing had necessarily been abandoned because there was no longer any Scotch whisky. In the light of this statement we may conclude that Dr. Wiley's disclosure is belated, but true.—Detroit Free Press.

Take Time for Leisure

Not only on account of his home, but also on his own account, a man should not keep business in mind all the time. A bow that is always bent loses its elasticity, so that it will not send the arrow home with force when there is need. A man who is thinking day and night about his business weakens his faculties and loses his buoyancy and "snap" by never allowing them a chance to become freshened, strengthened and rejuvenated. He becomes narrow and selfish; his sympathies and affections become atrophied or petrified. Home reaction broadens a man, enlarges his sympathies, and exercises many faculties that necessarily lie dormant during the stress of business hours.

If he will make a practice, in his leisure hours, of giving himself up completely to recreation, to having a grand, good romp with the children, or a social game with the whole family, making up his mind that he will have a good time during the evening, no matter what may happen on the morrow, he will find himself in much better condition the next day to enter the business or professional arena. He will be much fresher and stronger, will have more elasticity and spontaneity, and will do his work much easier and with less friction than if he thinks, thinks, thinks of business all the time he is at home.

No matter if his business affairs are not going just as he likes, he is only wasting the energy and mental power which would enable him to overcome these unfortunate conditions by dragging business into the home, and worrying and fretting the family about things that they cannot help.

If he would form the habit of locking all his cross-grained, crabbed, ugly critical, nagging and worrying in the store or office at night, and resolve that, whether his business or profession is a success or a failure, his home shall be a success—the happiest, sweetest and cleanest place on earth—he would find it a greater investment than any ever made in a business way.—Montreal Herald.

Lang on Table-Tipping

I was once laying my hands, alone, on a little table which spun about the room, writes Andrew Lang in Harper's Magazine. No doubt I moved it, but I did so "automatically." I did not, consciously, exert any force. I said: "Ask the table a question," and a lady remarked, "Where are the watches?" The table then tilted; the others used the alphabet in the ordinary way. I did not know what was tilted out, but they told me that the message was, "The watches are in Frank's pocket in the children's room." I asked: "What watches?" and the lady said, "I gave two to Frank to take to the watch maker, and he does not know what became of them."

"No more do I," I said; and thought no more about it. Frank was a boy, a nephew of the lady. I scarcely knew him by sight. Two months later, when I was in France, Frank's father, who had been present at the table tilting, wrote to tell me that I "was the devil"! The watches had just been found in an old greatcoat of Frank's, in a drawer in the children's room—which was not a room in the house where the table was so well inspired. Nothing else of the sort ever happened to me. It was an "automatism." I did not know what the table "said" till I was told, and of the watches I knew nothing at all. I simply do not understand the case; but "spirits" did not even pretend to be mixed up in it. The least inconceivable psychic explanation is that Frank, who was at school, "wired" on to me, without knowing it, a fact which he had forgotten, and that I, without knowing it, made the table tilt out the answer.

Frank at that time was a queer, visionary boy, a "sensitive"; but to do all this was rather out of his line. The skeptical theory would be that Frank, having heard the story, and acidentally come upon the lost watches, put them in the place where the table said they were, "and the same with intent to deceive." But I did not even know that there was a room in his father's house called "the children's room."

Danger in Health Fads

A medical writer of eminence said lately that he "never knew a strict dietarian who did not after a time become a confirmed dyspeptic."

Shackles never produce strength in the wearer. The body shackled by constant conformity to rules loses its natural vigor, just as the tied-up limb loses its muscular power.

People who are afraid to open their windows lest a draught should give them neuralgia, who are afraid to go out if there is a little rain, or a little wind, or a little cold, because they are "so delicate," infallibly become more so, and in time make themselves as sensitive as hothouse plants, which can only exist in one particular spot in the overheated conservatory.

There are, of course, certain general rules of health which every one should understand and comply with, if they wish to avoid illness, such as the danger of breathing impure air or drinking impure water, contracting chills, eating and drinking too much, and so forth. This knowledge, however, need not turn the care of the health into a bugbear. One can make a "fad" of health as of any other useful thing, says the London Queen. One can grow monomaniacal on the value of fresh air or woolen underclothing, and the mischief of our mania is not the harm we do ourselves so much as the damage we do others in turning them against the object of our fad. Take the wearing of wool, for instance. Have not many people been resolutely set against it by those faddists who persist in wearing their flannel shirts ostentatiously, and who maintain that their hygienic value is destroyed if their hideousness is softened by wearing linen collars and cuffs with them?

Where People Live Long

The pitiless logic of percentages, as applied to vital statistics, fails short of accounting for one fact in the census reports—the longevity of residents of the few remaining territories of the country.

Of the 100,000 persons in the population of the average American community, taking the whole country through, there is just one which reaches or exceeds the age of 100. As the census computers prosaically express it, "99,999 die before that time." One in 100,000 is, therefore, the percentage of centenarians in the United States; but in Arizona it is ten—ten times as high as in the rest of the country; and in New Mexico it is nine—nine times as high as in the other portions of the United States. Some states—Arkansas, Minnesota, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho—have no centenarians. Some states—Florida, California, New Hampshire, South Carolina and Vermont—have a high rate of centenarians—three times as large as the average in the other states, but much below the figures of Arizona and New Mexico.

There are few centenarians in New England, but the number of persons between the ages of 75 and 100 there are more than in any other section of the United States; and the two New England states which are most noted on account of their great number of old inhabitants are Vermont and Maine. Massachusetts has a considerable number, but the people of Massachusetts are generally of a more progressive character than those of the farming districts of Vermont and Maine, and urban life is not generally conducive to longevity.

The large number of centenarians in the territories is to be ascribed, probably, to favorable climatic conditions, for both Arizona and New Mexico enjoy celebrity as beneficial in pulmonary ailments. The question of territorial organization has probably nothin to do with it.

FIXING HIGH NOON AT SEA.

Wireless Telegraphy Expected Soo to Overcome the Difficulty.

The most momentous improvement in navigation since the invention of the chronometer, more than 100 years ago, has just been foreshadowed in a modest paragraph in the report of the chief of the bureau of equipment of the United States navy.

"It is believed," says Chief Manney, "that the development of wireless telegraphy will enable these (time) signals to be distributed over water as well as over land, and that before long every ship at sea, in addition to ever land station, will receive daily noon signals from the standard observatory clocks."

What does that mean? Nothing less than the elimination of the last element of uncertainty from the problem of finding the position of a ship at sea. Hitherto the one weak point in navigation has been the difficulty of carrying standard time on a voyage.

Observations for local time as well as for latitude have been exact, but the comparison of local standard time for obtaining the longitude has involved a certain amount of guesswork. The best chronometer is not quite infallible, and some allowance, which may not be precisely right, has always to be made for errors.

But with time signals received from a national observatory every day at noon the marimer will know his way over any part of the wide ocean as accurately as if he were threading a buoyed channel. The chronometer will join the cross-staff and the astrolabe on the junk heap of discarded makeshifts.

And of course a ship that can communicate with the short for one purpose is equally in touch with the world for any other communication it needs to make.

NOT CASE FOR UNDERSTUDY.

This Time Young Man's Presence Really Was in Demand.

"I'd like to have the day off next Wednesday, sir," said young Thompson to the Senior Partner.

The Senior Partner frowned. He did not approve of holidays.

"We don't like to establish the precedent of giving time off," he said.

"But I have some rather important business on hand," urged young Thompson, "and——"

"And I suppose no one possibly could attend to this 'important business' but you," sneered the Senior Partner.

"Well, not very well, sir, because, you see——"

"Young men are too prone to overrate their own importance," interrupted the Senior Partner. "It's a common failing among them to consider themselves indispensable, while nine times out of ten they are only blocking the way of better men. Now, in this little business matter of yours no doubt, if necessary, you could depute some one else to attend to it for you—some one just as able and just as willing as yourself."

"Without doubt, sir," said young Thompson, "but, as I'm to be married, the lady has conceived the notion that I am indispensable to the ceremony."

The Innocent Child.

There is a four-year-old boy in this city whose parents vow they will never again take him out unless in a private closed cab, where his remarks will not be overheard.

It was mamma's turn first to receive a shock. She and her dearest girl friend were returning from a matinee, Harold walking demurely enough between them, when he suddenly lifted his eyes, his chubby fist and his clear voice, and pointing to a giddy corner they were passing, said:

"That's where my papa gets his drinks. I know, 'cuz he give me a swallow not to never tell."

Next time papa did not take Harold for a friendly stroll, but the youngster was along when some men friends, up from the country for a week-end visit to Harold's family, were seeing the sights of the city. When they went by a certain drug store the boy with the memory tugged at papa's coat.

"Look," he said, delightedly. "Look a-there! That's where mamma buyed the bedbug poison yest'dy."

Brides of Berlin.

The oldest woman who married in Berlin last year was 72; 228 were over 50 years, and one under 16. A trifle more than one-half of the brides were under 25 years of age. About one-fourth of the bridegrooms were under 25; the oldest was 81. The total number of pairs was 20,141. Of the men 2,191 married the second time, 214 the third, 15 the fourth, 1 the fifth and 1 the sixth time. Of the women 1,476 married the second, 99 the third, 6 the fourth and 1 the fifth time.